I recently meditated on death and suicide and freedom. I think that there is really no freedom that can be achieved in life within the systems we exist in, there will always be something that is trying to control us, trying to bend to its will. In capitalism it's the overarching constant run to the $ to material goods and gains. I've realized that a lot of artists and people I look up to have subconsciously or not raced to their grave, in a way I feel that that is sometimes sadly the only freedom that people have. The freedom to destroy the body, the freedom to take their own life. I have been thinking of Wendy O Williams a lot, I find it oddly beautiful that she decided to take her own life because she no longer found it worth living, no longer found this world to be one that she could exist in. I think that a lot of governments especially capitalism make suicide, the freedom to take ones own life, and in some ways even things like drug abuse, illegal, because they know that it is one of the final ways that someone can truly grasp their freedom. Why should someone who feels that they have outlived their own purpose, feels they have lived their life out to what it can fully be, not be allowed to take their own life? That is a major injustice to the human soul. It is disgusting to me that especially capitalist systems try to take control of death and that final bodily autonomy away from us, make it into just another thing that we need to pay for. I think this is coming back to my mind because a lot of the oligarchs who run our society are now having talks about consciousnesses being uploaded to clouds and tech. Firstly I think that the conscious isn't just blips and bloops electrical currents in the brain, so I think trying to make it seem so, trying to simplify it like that is scary, not right, goes against the very essence of what it is to be a living being. But I think these goals open up new governance on humans, beyond what is supposed to be our final peace. That is not right. The fact that we are forced to pay for funerals, coffins, headstones, cremations, really any *legal* means of disposal of our corpse after our death, is a great disservice to humans. I have been thinking a lot about my own death, the death of people I have known, no matter how close, some of them left this earth thru their own choice, some of them because the universe found it to be their time, and I have also been thinking a lot about why I have not died yet. Why I seem to escape a lot of scenarios with nothing but a few scrapes, no debilitating injuries. And I think that in a weird way, in a way that some people might find to be morbid, that I have come to an agreement with whatever powers that are out there that I will not die unless it is by my own hand, that it must be me who decides that I no longer want to be here, I think that if more people partook in this mentality, in being open about what happens to their bodies after their death, that it can be one of the biggest forms of rebellion against our system. I think that it is one of the biggest things we must strip away from our overseers, the ability to govern our deaths, and what happens to our bodies after it. We should no longer consent to being buried in their graveyards, we should no longer consent to them making us pay and have to sign forms and go through so much bureaucratic nonsense to even just be burned into ash, or be buried in a garden. I have always thought in passing about how one would exit this realm successfully and with the least physical pain, I never faced those thoughts, I have only recently allowed myself too. It's not out of a longing to die I feel, but a longing for control, that's what suicide is in the end, a taking of control that someone has been denied for so long, by any factor, even if it is internal. I think that as long as we live in this

system if we want to be truly revolutionary we have to sign a sort of “death pact with the universe”, that we will try our best to exit this world once we feel that we have lived our lives to the fullest, whenever that may be, by our own terms. I don’t know how it may be possible, especially without stripping away the freedoms of those we may hold dear. But I do think that these are very necessary things to think about. Life and death should be one in the same, I keep on telling myself that, but I think it is a lie, because life is full of control, at least at the point we are at on the physical timeline, but death provides a chance at least to be free from that, free from a lot of the things that control our souls, bind us to do things that are unfulfilling. But death is too many times seen as a burden I feel on those close to us, both mentally and sadly monetarily. Shouldn’t be this way but it is. Lately I have been holding a lot of contempt and hatred for the world because of things like this, I can’t ever fully let it go, sometimes it makes me miss the beauty in a lot of things, it sucks.